

176
A COMPLETE
HISTORY
OF

James Maclean,

THE

Gentleman HIGHWAYMAN,

Who was executed at TYBURN, on
Wednesday, October 3, 1750, for a Robbery
on the Highway.

CONTAINING

The Particulars of his LIFE, from his
BIRTH to his DEATH.

In which is included,

An Account of the Robberies he committed with
his Companion PLUNKET,

AND

A Series of LETTERS, that pass'd between him and
Plunket; as well during the Time he was in *Holland*,
as in *England*; in which are open'd some extraordinary
Scenes.

A L S O,

The Particulars of their Fortune-hunting Schemes; in
which MACLEAN generally pass'd for a Gentleman of
Worth, and PLUNKET personated his Footman.

LIKEWISE

A Number of Original LETTERS sent to *Maclean* by different
Ladies, some of which contain Narratives of Facts so ex-
ceeding tender, as must raise Pity and Compassion in the
Breast of every Reader.

The Whole adorn'd with a very neat Picture of *Maclean*, taken
from the Life, while under Sentence. Drawn and engrav'd
by Mr. BOYDARD.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for CHARLES CORBETT, at *Addison's-Head*, against
St. Dunstan's-Church, Fleet-Street. [Price One Shilling.]

A COMPLETE HISTORY

OF
James Mackenzie

Gentleman HIGHWAYMAN,

Who was executed at TYBURN, on
Wednesday, October 3. 1756, for a Robbery
on the Highway.

The Particulars of HIS LIFE, from his
FIRST BIRTH to DEATH.



An Account of the ROBBERIES he committed with
his Companion LUNNIST.

A Series of LETTERS, that were written him and
himself, as well during the TIME he was in
Prison; in which are given a true and exact
Account of his

ALSO, 1756.
The Particulars of his ROBBERIES, together with
which he has been so early and often
Worth, and I trust, will be found

A Number of ORIGINAL LETTERS, and other
Pieces, some of which contain a full and
correct Account, as they are, and are
of every kind.

The Whole being a true and exact
Account of the Life and Robberies of
JAMES MACKENZIE, by
MR. ROBERT AINSWORTH.

THE SECOND EDITION.
LONDON:
Printed for J. BARNARD, at the Crown and Anchor, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1756.



M E M O I R S

O F T H E

L I F E

O F

Mr. *James Maclean.*



Considering the Number and Frequency of Executions in this Metropolis, the almost infinite Multitudes that resort to these shocking Spectacles, with a kind of unnatural Eagerness, one would be tempted to imagine, that Hanging is become a Sport; and publick Justice executed on the most atrocious Criminals, is looked upon by the Inhabitants of the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, as a mere Pastime. It is certain, the Design of executing Criminals in so publick a Manner, and with so much infamous Solemnity, is to strike a Terror upon the Minds

of the People, and to give them a just Horror of the Crimes that are attended with such dismal and unhappy Consequences; the Government judging that such alarming Spectacles must sink deeper into the Minds, and have a more lasting Impression on the Dispositions of the Vulgar, than all the Lectures and Precepts of either Law or Religion.

The lower Class of People are little wrought upon by Arguments address'd to their Understanding; but seldom fail of being touch'd with Reasoning, that is, in a Manner, visible to their Senses, and alarm their Passions, in the Manner that might be expected from publick Executions; but either the Morals of the People are so much debauch'd, and their Hearts so hardened, that they cannot understand the Design of these Wretches being brought to suffer in their Sight; or Executions are become so frequent, that they have lost the Force of Novelty to make them operate on the Minds of the People, according to the wise Intention of the Legislature. Whatever is the Reason, it is certain, these mournful and melancholy Scenes have very little or no Effect upon the Morals of the People. The Number of Delinquents are rather increasing than diminishing, and Vice seems to gather Strength by the Opposition of the Magistrate. The People are affected, it is true, with the Sufferings of the Criminals; but they are affected with Compassion, Simpathy, and Pity. They rather condemn the Severity of the Law, than express their Horror of the Crime that pulled down the dreadful Punishment; in short, the worst of Villains, the greatest Pests and Enemies of Society, find more Friends, more Tears, more Compassion, nay, more Praise and Honour, going to Execution, than an honest Man could expect, suffering in the most gallant
Manner,

Manner, in Defence of Religion and Honour. This prevailing Disposition in the Mob, has certainly, very bad Effect upon Society, takes off from the designed Horror and Ignominy of publick Executions, and makes them less dreaded, nay, and to some Minds, might even render them agreeable; for of late, if the Voice, the Praise, and good Wishes of the Publick, can have any Influence on the Mind of Man, there is no more necessary to obtain it, than to become a notorious Villain, and to go to the Gallows with a good Grace.

What Effect this Disposition may produce, if some speedy Remedy is not applied, is dreadful to imagine; but already it has had very fatal Consequences, for it has brought Theft, Robbery, Pilfering, and the lowest Vices, into some kind of Repute. These Crimes were formerly peculiar to the very Dregs of Mankind; but of late Years, some Men, of a Class not quite so despicable, some who affected, and by Birth and Education, had some Claim, to what we call in this Country, a Gentleman, have assumed the Trade; and as far as the Voice of the People can serve to gratify their Vanity, I think, I may say, they have gained more Honour, by going to the Gallows for Robbery, Forgery, &c. than they could have attained by an Age of Industry. However, lest it should become a fashionable, polite Ambition to merit a Place in the *Ordinary of Newgate's Diary*, I think it is the Duty of every Man in his Station, to render the Execution of these Criminals as extensively useful as possible, that those, who have not yet lost all Sense of Honour and Honesty, may learn from the Particulars of *Maclean's Life*, the true Steps that led him to that ignominious Death, and by that Means be enabled to shun them. This is the more necessary, and may be

the more beneficial to the Publick, that the Spring and Source of his Misfortunes were not singular or peculiar to himself; but it may be, and is the Case of Thousands in this Metropolis, who are actuated by the same Motives, engaged in the same Course of Folly, without dreaming, that the same Causes may produce the same or similar Effects. It is with this charitable Intention towards the Publick, and out of no Malice to the Person of the unfortunate *Maclean*, that we enter into a Detail of Particulars, that can do no Honour to his Memory. We think it correspondent with the Design of his Execution, and at this Time absolutely necessary, in order to point out to the unthinking Youth of the present Age, to what unforeseen Dangers, and what dismal Calamities an immoderate Love of Pleasure exposes them.

There have been already, it is true, some Account publish'd, of the Life of this famous Highwayman, which might seem to supercede the Necessity of any other; but as we think, we have had Opportunities of knowing several Facts, on which the Fate of that unfortunate Convict hinged, unknown to others; and as it is generally observed, that Accounts publish'd by such People themselves, or their profess'd Friends, are either partial in the Relations of Facts, or defective in that Part of the Narrative, in which the Publick is chiefly interested, viz. the secret Springs and Motives of Actions, it is to be hoped, that a Life of this Man, wrote by a Person neither influenced by Friendship, or actuated by Malice to his Person, and designed purely for the Edification of the Publick, as well as to satisfy their just Curiosity, will be received with as much Candour as the Design of it professes.

Mr. *Maclean*, the unfortunate Subject of these Sheets, at his Birth seemed far removed from the
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 tragical

tragical Death, that put an End to his Being; and till his Father's Death, which happened when he was about eighteen Years of Age, had a very rational Prospect of Prosperity and temporal Happiness, that is, as far as his being born of genteel Parents, and a decent and pious Education could entitle him to these Blessings. But unhappily for him, he was too conscious of his Birth, as a Gentleman; it begat early in him a kind of Vanity, inconsistent with his Circumstances, an Aversion to a mechanic Employment, that might have kept him from the Temptations of Want, to which his Vanity and an immoderate Desire of appearing the gay, fine Gentleman, soon reduc'd him.

His Father, *Laughlin Maclean*, was younger Brother of a very reputable Family in *Scotland*, was bred a Presbyterian Divine, and became Pastor to a Congregation of that Communion at *Monaban*, in the *North of Ireland*, where he lived and died in the Esteem of the Neighbourhood of all Persuasions, and with the Character of a worthy Gentleman and a pious Christian.

He married into a good Family, a few Miles from his Chârgé, and left Issue only two Sons, and one Daughter; the Eldest, whose Christian Concern for his unhappy Brother, has rendered dear to the Publick, is Pastor of the *English* Congregation at the *Hague*. The Daughter is living in Repute, with her Relations, at *Monaban*. *James Maclean*, the other Son, now executed, he designed to have brought up a Merchant, founded him in the *Latin* Tongue, and made him perfectly Master of Writing and Accompts, designing to have sent him in a few Months for *Rotterdam*, to a *Scotch* Merchant, who promised to have admitted him into his Compting-House. But before this Design could be compleated, the good Man died;

died ; his Wife being dead some Years before, leaving but a very Trifle behind him.

However small as his Effects were, yet, if they had been properly managed, and the Scheme he had designed executed, with Regard to his Son *James's* going to *Rotterdam*, which might have been done, by his Brother's Means, who urged him earnestly to it ; it is more than probable, the unhappy Catastrophe that attended that young Man might have been prevented, but it was otherwise decreed. For *James*, who was tall and forward of his Age, thought himself above taking Advice of any of his Friends. His Relations, by the Mother's Side, who were all he had in that Country, were not so zealous in his Interest as to exert their Authority with their Kinsman, to prevent his Ruin ; they permitted him to take Possession of, and dispose of his Father's Substance, without troubling themselves about the Consequences of a young Man of Eighteen becoming his own Master, and launching out into the World, without a Friend to advise or controul him. His Aunt took his Sister into her Charge, and left her unfortunate Nephew to pursue what Course he pleased.

He had no sooner converted his Father's Study of Books, and what other Moveables he died possess'd of, into ready Money, then he forgot all Thoughts of a *Dutch* Compting-House ; equipp'd himself in the gayest Dress that Part of the Country could afford, bought himself a fine Gelding, his Father's Pad had not Mettle enough for our young Gentleman, and gallanted all the Farmers Daughters within ten Miles of him, to all Fairs and publick Meetings, where he affected to be Chief of the Company, and paid largely for the Preference he exacted from all he conversed with.

His Aunt and other Relations would have made some Remonstrances, and put him in Mind, that
what

what Money he had was not all his own, nor would last always at the Rate he went on ; but he gave the deaf Ear ; their Complaints were too late, the Error lay in the first Concoction ; they ought to have prevented the Effects coming into his Hands till he had Sedateness and Sagacity to manage them to proper Advantage. Their Remonstrances had no other Effect, than to put him on Thoughts of changing the Scene of his Extravagance, hitherto confin'd to the Village of *Monahan*, and the Parts adjacent, and to remove himself out of hearing of their unreasonable Counsel.

His Father was now about a Twelve-month dead, he set out for *Dublin* without communicating his Intention to any belonging to him ; and here it was he first conceived a Notion of making his Fortune by Marriage. He had no disagreeable Person, and fancied he possessed many more Excellencies than any but himself could discover in him. However, he had so little Knowledge of the World, that though he wished to recommend himself to the Ladies, he could not hit upon any Means to introduce himself into any decent Company. He dress'd in a tawdry Gaiety, with little Taste, and to as little Effect, for he was several Months in *Dublin*, without any Acquaintance, but Lacquies, Ostlers, and some raw Boys at the University, who could not help him in his projected Scheme of Fortune-hunting. But they were much fitter to enable him to spend his Cash, which in about ten or eleven Months was totally exhausted.

He was now in a Place where he was an entire Stranger to any Man of Worth or Substance, and at a Distance from his Friends, who had been for Months deaf to all his Letters, importuning a Supply of Money. He had Time to reflect on his Folly and Vanity, and felt severe Pangs for despising the Advice of his Relations, on whom he must now depend

depend for Subsistence, though he had little Reason to expect it, knowing their Temper, and how much Grounds he had afforded them to be offended with him; however, as his Credit, and even his fine Cloaths to the very last Shirt was gone, he determined to try them; and instead of the Splendor he left his native Country in, by the Sale of his Sword, the last Implement he could part with, he raised as much as bore his Charges on Foot, and set out with a sad and heavy Heart for *Monahan*.

When he came there, his Aunt would not see him, nor suffer him to enter her House; all his other Relations followed her Example, the Companions of his former Riots, not only refused him Relief or Countenance, but rendered him the Make-game of the Town. His Sister was good-natured enough by Stealth to see him, and give him what little Pocket-Money she had, but that could not long support him; he was refused Credit for a Dinner at the Inn where he lay, and must have starved, if a Gentleman on his Way to *England* had not accidentally put up at the same House, where his Servant fell sick and died. This Gentleman was made acquainted with Mr. *Maxlean's* forlorn Circumstances, and compassionately offered him the Place of his deceased Servant. Want and the Dread of starving, had banished for the present all Thoughts of Pride and Gentility out of our young Prodigal's Head; he accepted the Offer with Joy, and set out for *England*, in no better Quality than that of a Livery Servant.

Had these Notions been totally eradicated, he might have been honest, though reduced to the Station of a Footman: But they were only stifled by the present Dread of Want, and made his Station infinitely more irksome than it possibly can be in itself, when the immediate Thoughts of that Want was removed. His Vanity was still predominant, and

and the little Notion he had of Gentility, made his Master's Commands, though always softened with Good-nature and Humanity, appear to him as so many Insults upon his Birth, and tempted him frequently to surly and saucy Answers, which the best of Tempers cannot always bear; in short his Insolence was such, that in a few Months after coming to *England*, he quarrell'd with his Master, and depending on his Sister, who was then on the Point of being married to a Man of some Wealth; he set out once more for *Ireland*, to try if his Relations would fit him out for the *West Indies*, or some of the *British Colonies in America*; where he depended on Encouragement as an Accomptant. But when he came there, his Sister's Marriage was broke off, she was unable to do any Thing for him, and his other Relations, who thought themselves scandalized by his having been a Footman, were less tractable than before, treated him with great Indignity, and refused all Manner of Assistance.

He was again reduced to Starving, and obliged to think of Service as his only Resource. As the Transactions of this Part of his Life is neither edifying nor interesting, we shall pass it over as briefly as possible. With much Difficulty he got into the Station of a Butler to a Gentleman of Fortune near *Cork*, with whom he did not live long, before he was discharged for ill Conduct in his Trust, and remained for many Months out of Place, wandering about, without any settled Abode, or Means of Subsistence, except some Remittances from his Brother at the *Hague*, whose friendly Assistance was less relished, that they were accompanied with some warm Remonstrances for the past and wholesome Advice for the future Conduct of his Life. At this Time it's said he propos'd going into the *French Service*, but was deterr'd from it from Principles of Religion. I wish these Principles had continued

to operate upon his Mind; I am afraid, at least it appears by his future Conduct, that he must have had some other Motive to decline that Service, than Scruples of Conscience.

He saw no Means of Subsistence in his own Country, and had heard from an Acquaintance of his at *Cork*, that it was no uncommon Thing for such handsome young Fellows as he was, to make their Fortune in *London*; he flattered himself with golden Mountains, if he knew how to get there. Fortune was favourable, his old Master, though he refused him a Character to another Family, yet generously was at the Charge of his Passage, and allowed him for some Time after his landing a Shilling a Day Subsistence.

When he had got this Side the Water, his Notion of Gentility returned, he scorned being a menial Servant, nothing less than a Pair of Colours would satisfy his Ambition, to obtain which he had the Impudence to pretend to borrow on his Bond from his Master, as much as would purchase them; that Scheme failing, he threw up the Shilling a Day in a Pet, and depending for Support on the famous Miss — his Country-woman, then in high Vogue, and at that Time in keeping by a noble Peer of that Kingdom.

She allowed him pretty handsomely, and he made for a few Months a flaming Figure at all publick Places, but the Peer popping into his Mistress's Quarters, where Mr. *Maclean* was making some warm Returns of Gratitude, met with a severe Drubbing, narrowly escaped being run through the Body, and the Lady was turned upon the Town, who so much resented *Maclean's* being the Instrument of her Ruin, and his cowardly Behaviour in this Rencounter, for he was much stronger, and as well armed as the injured Peer, that she never would have any more Commerce with him of any Sort.

His

His Grandeur suffered an Eclipse for two or three Months, and his last Suit was laid in Lavender, when a noted Lady of Quality, likewise of his Nation, and lives within twenty Mile of *Bow-Church*, saw our Adventurer by Accident, sent her Footman to dog him to his Lodgings, where he next Morning received the following Billet.

S. I R,

By your Appearance you would seem willing to serve a Friend in a Case of Honour. If I am not deceived in my Opinion, I beg the Favour of you to meet me this Evening precisely at ten o'Clock, at the *Bagnio* in *Long-Acre*, ask for Number four, where you will hear the further Particulars from

Your unknown

bumble Servant.

If the Place appointed had been at the Back of *Montague-House*, or any where else but a *Bagnio*, and that the Hand appeared rather the Scroul of a Lady, than a Lord, it's ten to one but our Adventurer had burnt the Epistle for the Sake of the Word *Honour*, but he preserved it, I may say, to his dying Day, and kept the Appointment sacredly, the Consequence of which was, that for five or six Months more he flourished it away as a mere Beau; but in Fact, Mr. *Maclean* had no great Liking to the Ladies for the Sake of the Sport. In short, *L—* was not his predominant Foible: He liked a Girl well enough, but scorned the Drudgery of serving a Female Keeper, though the Lady allowed him handsomely, and what he might have lived genteely upon, and made some Reserve for a rainy Day, and imposed no very hard Duty upon him, yet he was anxious for an independent Settlement, and the

Thought of enveigling some Woman of Fortune by the Charms of his Person was still uppermost in his Thoughts.

He had many Schemes for this Purpose, but none he built so much upon, as a very hopeful and grateful Plot he had laid for the Daughter of his Patroness and Benefactress, who had a very considerable Fortune; with the Money he received from the Mother he endeavoured to corrupt the young Lady's Waiting-Maid to fall in with his Scheme, but she had more Honesty than most of her Profession, or Mr. *Maclean* did not come up to her Price, for she discovered the Affair to the old Lady, who resented it highly; however, she durst not on her own Account pretend to make much Noise. She dismissed *Maclean* from her Service, and when in a few Months after he was very much reduced, recommended him to some Friends, who made a Contribution of fifty Pounds for him, or rather gave that Sum to a Person who gave it Mr. *Maclean*, as if it came by Contribution, in order to fit him out for *Jamaica*, where he had proposed to go to seek his Fortune, and were the Lady was very willing he should go, that she might be free from any Fears of his Plots upon her Daughter.

But Mr. *Maclean* was no sooner possessed of that Sum, than he forgot his *Jamaica* Expedition, and returned to his favourite Scheme of Fortune-Hunting, as he never could put it out of his Head, that the Ladies, who are extreme good Judges, at least of natural Parts, could look upon his charming Person with Indifference. He released his best Cloaths from Tribulation, and after various Treaties with Match-Makers and Chamber-Maids, relating to Ladies of reputed great Fortune, which all ended in Disappointment, he contracted his Ambition, and made Suit to the Daughter of a considerable Inn-keeper, and Dealer in Horses, with whom he was

was so fortunate as to succeed ; married her with her Parents Consent, and received with her about five hundred Pounds.

Here it would seem, that Mr. *Maclean* had laid aside all Thoughts of the fine Gentleman, and really determined to make the most of his Wife's Fortune by Industry and Diligence. He took a House in *Wellbeck-Street*, near *Carvendish-Square*, and set up a Shop in the Grocer and Chandlery Way, was very obliging to his Customers, punctual in his Dealings with his Trades-People, and while his Wife lived was esteemed by his Neighbours as a careful and industrious honest Man. However, though at Times, and while he was in his Shop, he appeared to like his Business, yet in Parties of Pleasure, which he made but too often, and on Holidays, he affected the Dress of the Gentleman, especially when at a Distance from his Place of Abode, and by that Means created an Expence, that exceeded by much the Profits of his Trade, and obliged him to encroach upon the Capital, insomuch, that when his Wife died, which might be in less than three Years, and that he took the Resolution to leave of that Business ; his Furniture and Goods in Trade amounted only to eighty-five Pounds, a Sum if continued where it was, that might have supported a frugal Man ; but either in Trade, or out of Trade, was too small a Subsistence for Mr. *Maclean*.

He had but one Daughter living, which his Mother-in-Law was kind enough to take the Charge of. Once more, in a Manner, a single Man with his eighty-five Pounds in his Pocket, his Desire of appearing the gay, fine Gentleman, recurred with greater Force than before, and his old Project, of getting suddenly rich, by marrying a Fortune engrossed all his Faculties, and quite obliterated all Notions of raising himself by Labour or Industry.

Rich

Rich he must be, and was determined to have a Fortune to support the Appearance of 'Squire *Maclean*; but had not Patience to acquire it the common low Way; pointed out by Virtue and Honesty, he must have it all at once, or not at all. For this Purpose, this fine Gentleman, who but a few Weeks before, when among his industrious Neighbours in *Wellbeck-Street*, was not ashamed to appear in a patch'd Coat, or to carry a Haltpennyworth of Sand or Small-Coal to his Customers; now hires Apartments at fifteen Shillings a Week, near *Soho-Square*, and dresses out in lac'd Cloaths, and a Hat and Feather. However, this Transition from Brick-dust and Whiting, to the powder'd Beau, might surprize those who were acquainted with Mr. *Maclean's* Finances; yet he acted, as he thought, a very rational Part; for the true Secret of his leaving off Business, and of this strange and sudden Transfiguration, was this: A few Days after his Wife's Death, who had been partly attended in her Illness by one *Plunket*, as a Surgeon and Apothecary; this *Plunket* acquainted Mr. *Maclean*, that, tho' he had lost a good Wife, yet as she was gone, it was to no Purpose to grieve much about the Matter, since it might in the End turn out the most lucky Incident of his Life; adding, at the same Time, that if he would allow him to go Snips with him in the Fortune, he could help him to a Woman, worth at least ten thousand Pounds, in her own Possession.

The Motion was too agreeable to Mr. *Maclean's* own Inclinations to be rejected. The Scheme was concerted and approved of, and in order to its Execution, which must be transacted in the Character of a Man of Fashion and Figure. The dirty Shop was sold off, grand Lodgings taken, and

and the Grocer, as I have already observed, appeared in the Disguise of a flaming Beau.

The Scheme seemed to be in a fair Way of succeeding for some Weeks; the Waiting-Maid, the Milliner, and the Hair-Cutter, were all in our Adventurer's Interest, and had certainly carried their Design, if the young Lady had not gone to certain publick *Wells*, where 'Squire *Maclean* followed her, passing for a Man of Fortune, and in every Part of his Dress and Equipage appeared as such. *Plunket* acted his Footman, and had the Direction of the under Agent, while the 'Squire himself was dancing, and ogling himself into the good Graces of the young Lady; but unhappily 'Squire *Maclean* took some Liberties at the *Wells* with an Apothecary, whose Quarrel was taken up by a half-pay Officer, who kicked our Adventurer out of Company, and carried his Resentment so far, as to say publickly, that he knew the Rascal a Footman but a few Years ago, which was believed by all present, and amongst the rest by his Mistress, who was present at the whole of this mortifying Scene; so that the 'Squire, and his Footman *Plunket*, was obliged to decamp without the Ceremony of taking Leave of their Friends.

When they returned to Town from this woe-ful Expedition, on examining the State of their Cash, the Whole that remained amounted only to five solitary Guineas, a Fund too little to support them, or enter into any new Project, to keep up their assumed Grandeur; nor did it last long, and the unfortunate *Maclean* saw himself now in a worse Situation than he had been for some Years, without any visible Hopes of a Supply, and yet engaged in a Way of Living highly expensive, which it went to his Heart either to retrench or relinquish; the Shame of appearing ridiculous to his Acquaintance, by laying aside so quickly that Equipage,

Equipage, which his Hopes had flattered him, he should always be able to support, hindered him from thinking of any Means of Subsistence in *England*. He now thought seriously of embarking for *Jamaica*, where he thought he had a Chance of Support, as an Accomptant, and some Hopes, that even there his Person might turn to Account amongst the rich Planter's Daughters or Widows. But Money must be raised for this, for which he could think of no Scheme; but Providence always more indulgent than he deserved, and who by her frequent, unexpected Supplies, rendered his Ruin entirely the Work of his own Hand, since she had frequently, if he had made a right Use of her Favours, put it in his Power to be virtuous and happy, as she did on this Occasion.

For, meeting on *Change* with a Gentleman of his own Country, whom he had formerly acquainted with his Hopes of the Fortune we have just now spoke of, he related to this Gentleman his Disappointment, and told him, that he was now undone, for that he spent his All in that unhappy Project, and had not wherewithal either to subsist here, or carry him from a Place, where he must make a very ridiculous Figure. This Gentleman spoke of his Circumstances to some of his Countrymen, and some of his Brother's Acquaintance; and as his Conduct hitherto, according to the Mode of this present Age, was rather imprudent than vicious, on his Representation, they actually raised sixty Guineas by Subscription, to fit him out for *Jamaica*, gave him the Money, and promised him Letters of Recommendation from some Merchant of Note to their Correspondents in that Island, where, it is probable, he might have been happy; but he was his own Enemy, and in Spite of Fortune, Friends, and the Dic-

tates

tates of his own Conscience, went on in full Career to his Destruction.

He had agreed for his Passage, paid Part of the Money in Advance, and bespoke some Necessaries fit for that Climate; when unhappily for this infatuated Man, he was tempted to go to a Masquerade, to take Leave, as he said, for the last Time of the bewitching Pleasures of *London*, and to take a View of this Piece of Diversion, which he could have no Hopes of seeing in the *West-Indies*. He went, had all his Stock in his Pocket, the strange Appearance of the Place amused him for some Time, but the Noise of the Gamesters drew his Attention to the Gaming-Table, where the quick Transition of large Sums from one Hand to another awakened his Avarice, and lull'd his Prudence asleep. In short, he ventured, and in half an Hour had possessed himself of an hundred *Guineas*, with which he resolved, according to their Phrase, to tie up; but Avarice got the better of his Resolution, after taking a Turn or two round the Room, he again returned, and in a few Minutes, was stripp'd to the last *Guinea*.

It is needless to describe his Agony on this Occasion; it is easier imagined than describ'd. His Money gone, his Expedition utterly disconcerted, and what was worse, his Friends lost past Redemption; for after a Step of this Sort, he had not the Courage to shew his Face.

In this Extremity, his evil Genius, that seem'd now predominant, prompted him to send for *Plunket* to advise with, and from this Moment his Ruin commenced; for that Wretch, who lived all his Lifetime on the Sharp, had no Notions of Honour, and a Stranger to all Ties or Principles of Religion or Honesty, took the Opportunity, when his Friend was agitated almost to Despair, to propose

at first, by distant Hints, and at last in plain *English*, going upon the Highway for a Recruit.

Had he attack'd him in a calm Hour, it is more than probable, that his Proposal had been rejected with Horror; but he kept him warm, and represented the Necessity of a speedy Supply before his Friends could discern that the Money was gone, which, he said, would expose him to the Contempt of all Mankind. Strange Infatuation, the Dread of Shame, the Shame of appearing a Fool took off the Horror of Villainy, and induced him to recruit his Losses by Means the most scandalously wicked.

They agreed upon a kind of Co-partnership, and hired two Horses; *Plunket* furnishing Pistols, for this was not his first Entrance upon Business of that Kind, and set out the Evening after the Masquerade, to lie in Wait for Passengers coming to *Smithfield* Market. They met on *Hounslow-Heath*, with a Grazier, next Morning, between three and four o'Clock, from whom they took, without any Opposition, between sixty and seventy Pounds.

In this, and all other Expeditions of the same Kind, they wore *Venetian* Masques; but this thin Covering could not stifle Conscience in *Maclean*, nor animate him to Courage. He accompanied *Plunket* it is true, was by at the Robbery, but strictly speaking had no Hand in it; for his Fear was so great, that he had not Power to utter a Word, nor to draw his Pistol. The least Resistance on the Part of the Countryman, would have given Wings to his Heels, and he had certainly left his Accomplice in the Lurch.

Altho' the Robbery was over, and the Countryman out of Sight, yet *Maclean's* Fears were intolerable. He followed *Plunket* for some Miles without speaking a Word; and when they put up at an Inn, near ten Miles from the Place of the Robbery,

he

he called for a Room, and was afraid of every Shadow he saw, for Fear it should be Justice in Pursuit of him. His Agonies of Mind and Conscience were so great, that *Plunket* was afraid his Folly would raise Suspicion in the House, and would have persuaded him to return immediately to *London*; but he would not stir till it was dusk, and then would not appear at the Inn, from whence they had hired the Horses, but left the Care of them to *Plunket*.

He was now, by his Share of this ill-acquired Booty, very near reimbursed his Losses at the Masquerade, and if Infatuation had not pursued him, might have undertaken his Voyage; but he had lost all Peace of Mind, and was quite void of all Manner of Prudence. So great was his Dread of a Discovery, tho' *Plunket* represented to him the Impossibility of it, that he would not stir out of his Room for some Days, and even then did not think himself safe, but proposed going down in the Country for a Week or two. *Plunket* did not oppose his going, especially as he was to direct the Rout, and had some Intelligence of a Prize coming that Day from *St. Albans*, towards which Place they set out. When they were gone two or three Miles, *Plunket* imparted to him his Design and Intelligence, which *Maclean* promised to second, tho' with a good Deal of Reluctance. They came within Sight of the Coach, wherein was their expected Booty, when *Maclean* would have persuaded *Plunket* to desist; but the other turning his Qualms of Conscience into Ridicule, and dropping some Hints of Cowardice, *Maclean* prepared for the Attack, with this Expression; *He Needs must go whom the Devil drives; I am over Shoes, and must over Boots*; but behaved in so distracted a Manner, that if *Plunket* had made the Attack himself, they would have lost their Prey. From a Gentle-

man and a Lady in the Coach, they took two Gold Watches, and about twenty Pounds in Money, with which they got clear off; but did not think fit to keep that Road any longer, but turned off, and before Morning put up at an Inn in *Richmond*; where *Maclean* was as much in the Horrors as at *London*; had no Rest, no Peace of Mind, and staid here two or three Days fullen, sulky and perplexed, what Course to pursue. From hence they rode to *Hampton-Court*, and to several Towns in that Neighbourhood, his Anxiety not permitting him to stay above two Days in a Place, and his Fears hindering his Return to *London*, where he wished to be on Account of the Time of the Ship's Departure being at Hand. This at last determined him to come up to Town, fully resolved to proceed with her to *Jamaica*, but having been a Fortnight out, he came to Town only two Days after she sail'd, a Disappointment that added to his former Perplexity. However, as he had now Cash in his Pocket, he made an Excuse to his Friends for his Absence, and promised, and I have Reason to believe, really designed setting out the very next Opportunity.

But the expensive Company he kept in the Interim, and some Losses at Play, once more stripp'd him of his Cash; and his evil Genius *Plunket* was ready to suggest the former Method of Supply, which he now complied with, with much less Reluctance than before; the Bounds of Honour once broken down, especially where Success and Security attends the Villainy, the Habit of Vice grows strong, and the Checks of Conscience less regarded, pass at last without any Notice. In a Word, he hardened himself by Degrees to Vice, left the Conversation of his City-Acquaintance, that they might not tease him about going to *Jamaica*, and took Lodgings in *St. James's-Street*, opposite the *Old Bagnio*,

Bagnio, a Place excellently situated for his Purpose; for as his Appearance kept him from Suspicion, so he had an Opportunity, as a great many Gentlemen of Distinction and Fortune lie at that *Bagnio*, when they come to Town, of knowing and watching their Motions, and of following or way-laying them on the Road.

In the Space of six Months, he and *Plunket* sometimes in Company, and sometimes separate, committed fifteen or sixteen Robberies in *Hyde-Park*, near *Mary le Bon*, and within twenty Miles of *London*, and got some large Prizes. But still the Money went as it come, for *Plunket* loved his Bottle and a Girl, and spent his Share that Way; and *Maclean* was doatingly fond of gay Cloaths, Balls, Masquerades, &c. at all which Places he made a very gay and impudent Figure. As he had still Fortune-hunting in View, he push'd himself into all Companies of Women, and made Love to some of all Ranks, and was not unsuccessful; for we find amorous Epistles both from Maids, Wives, and Widows, directed to him; but I believe made sincere Return to none but such as had either the Cash in their own Hands, or could be useful in helping him to the Conversation of those who had.

He had heard of a young Lady, nor quite seventeen, who had a considerable Fortune, and form'd some Hopes of succeeding with a Creature so young, if he could find Means to get into her Company. He knew she visited at a Gentleman's House, who was either married to, or kept a very gay, conquettish Lady; whose real Name we shall disguise under the fictitious Name of *Selinda*; for as we design no Person shall suffer by *Maclean's* Folly, so we shall avoid every Thing that may lead to personal Application; for which Reason, we once for all declare, that the Original of these Letters,

Letters, that are to follow, have been seen but by very few Persons alive, nor never shall to any Person's Detriment; and the fictitious Names we use have not the least Affinity to the real *Subscriptions*.

Mr. *Maclean* saw *Selinda's* Foible, that she lov'd a Gallant, made his Addresses to that Quarter, and was soon well received, by which Means he got an Acquaintance with the Lady of Fortune he was in Quest of, and then gave over his Affiduity to *Selinda*, whose amorous Epistles take as follows, that is, as many of them as are legible.

L E T T E R I.

From SELINDA to Mr. MACLEAN.

S I R,

I Expected the Favour of a Line from you this three Weeks, I swear three Years; for it is so by my Calculation, since you gave me your Word and Honour of writing to me; but you fine Gentlemen of this Town mind no more your Honour than you do your Words: Excuse the Freedom I take by calling your Honour in Question; but Freedom, in my Opinion, is a Mark of Friendship, and true Friendship the surest Mark of Esteem. I don't know, whether I deserve either Friendship or Esteem from you, when I recollect the Night's Adventure we had together, which gives me the utmost Contempt of myself: But I desire you to think as favourably as possible of me; for, when any such scurvy Thoughts interrupt the favourable Ideas, that I would willingly have you to have of me, look immediately in the Glass, and think of the Softness of our Hearts, when we see a pretty Fellow. Don't imaginé, that I write this long Scrawl with a View of seeing you, which I absolutely don't intend, for two Reasons; the

the one, because I have not Impudence enough ; and the other is, that I have not—But I will not tell you ; only I may say, as a great Author says,

*How gladly would I from myself remove,
And at a Distance send the Thing I love ;
My Breast is warm'd with such an unchaste Fire,
I wish him absent whom I most desire.*

Now I suppose you think I am over Head and Ears in Love, but I an't though ; I do not know what another Sight of you may do, in your Morning-Gown and yellow Slippers. But to be serious ; I hope you are very well, and in high Spirits, as you were on *Saturday* Morning ; for, by your Looks, you have not taken half a Dozen Doses of Physick since I saw you. You run much in Miss —'s Head, for your Name is never out of her Mouth. You are dangerous Company for such young Creatures. Well, I think it Time to have done, so wish you a *bon Repose*. Adieu.

Sunday Night, 12 o' Clock.

SELINDA.

LETTER II. *From the same.*

My dear Jemmy, Wednesday Noon, 1 o' Clock.

THE Moment I set out to come to you, Mr. — came Home, and I came off very badly. He swears, if I go out any more, that the Moment I come Home he will murder me ; so, if you have that Love for me you pretend, endeavour to release me from the Man I hate, as soon as possible. God knows when I shall see you again, but till I do, pray, my Dear, keep honest. I should be glad to hear from you, if you can send any-body about Eleven o' Clock, and let them deliver the Letter

Letter to me, and No-body else: Till when, my
dear Love, believe me to be,

Your sincere Friend,

SELINDA;

LETTER III. *From the same.*

Dear Jemmy,

I AM so very ill I can hardly hold my Pen; but if I am any thing better by *Monday*, I will see you at your own House, for there is no Place here I can trust. Pray God send we may get over all our Difficulties, and that I may have the Pleasure once more to be happy, for I am very far from it at present: Till when, believe me to be what you really wish.

SELINDA,

LETTER IV. *From the same.*

S I R,

I T is hard, and very unfortunate, that I should come so far, and not see you; but I find you are so much taken up with that despicable Girl, that you have no Time to think of any Body else. But I deserve it, since it was by my Means you got acquainted with the silly Trifler, and might have known what Faults the Hopes of a Fortune would conceal. If you think it worth your while to be at Home To-morrow Morning, I will be at your House by Nine o' Clock: Till when, I am,

Your humble Servant,

Monday, 10 o'Clock.

SELINDA.
Whether

Whether the Lady got Access to Mr. *Maclean* at the Time appointed in this Letter, we cannot inform the Reader, since the Correspondence by Letter ends here, and it is more than probable the Conversation between them was dropt; for just at this Period the main Affair, viz. his Design upon the young Lady of Fortune, whom *Selinda* very unjustly terms a despicable Girl, and silly Trifler, was discovered to the Lady's Relation by a Gentleman who knew him in all the Scenes of Life he had gone through, and by that Means the young Creature rescued from Ruin. Mr. *Maclean* would have resented the Liberty taken with his Reputation, by the fashionable Method of a Challenge; but the Gentleman knew him too well to think himself under any Obligation to put him so much on the Rank of a Gentleman, as to take any Notice of his bullying and blustering on that Account.

While he was intent upon this Intrigue, he had not had Opportunity of making any Excursions on the Road; and to supply his Expences, had borrowed from a Citizen's Wife, with whom he had an Intrigue, about twenty Pounds, which he promised faithfully to repay before her Husband should return from the Country to miss it. The Time of the Citizen's Arrival was at Hand, and his careful Spouse grew mighty impatient for the Cash, lest the Want of that should lead him to a Discovery of an Embezzlement of a worse Nature. As such Favours might be both wanted and expected on such Occasions, Mr. *Maclean* made Conscience of keeping his Word, appointed the good Woman to come to his Country-Lodgings at *Chelsea*, and paid her the Money, but took care that his Friend *Plunket* should ease her of the Trouble of carrying it Home, by way-laying her in the *Five Fields*.

Soon after this, a Supply of Cash being wanted, *Plunket* and he prepared for an Expedition, and

took the Road to *Chester*, and in three Days committed five Robberies, between *Stony Stratford* and *Whitechurch*, and some of them on their own Countrymen, one of them an intimate Acquaintance, by whom *Maclean* had been very handiomey entertained but two Days before he left the Town. However, the Booty in the whole five Robberies did not amount to thirty Pounds in Cash, but they had Watches, Rings, &c. to a much greater Value. The very Evening of their Return to Town, they got Intelligence of an Officer belonging to the *East-India* Company's Service having received a large Sum of Money, with which he was to return to *Greenwich*. They way-laid him, and robbed him, of how much I cannot be certain; but by the Mention made of it under the Name of *East-India* Stock, in one of the following Letters, it must have been considerable; and it would seem that they were in some Kind of Dread of a Discovery of this Robbery; for in a few Days after committing it, *Mr. Maclean* set out for the *Hague*, and *Mr. Plunket* for *Ireland*, having first divided their Watches, &c. that each might dispose of them on their Travels with greater Safety; for they had not as yet ventured to dispose of any such Thing here.

On *Mr. Maclean's* Arrival at the *Hague*, he pretended a friendly Visit to his Brother, who received him with cordial Affection; and as Honesty is never suspicious, he easily gave Credit to the specious Tale *Mr. Maclean* told him as to his Circumstances, viz. that he had got a considerable Fortune with his late Wife, and that her Father, who died but some Months before, had left him a considerable Legacy; and that he designed soon to purchase a Company in the Army, and with that, and the Interest of his Money, hoped to live at Ease for the Remainder of his Life. The good Brother believed it, rejoiced in his Prosperity, and introduced him

him into the politest of his Acquaintance. Mr. *Maclean* behaved with great Gallantry, making Balls, and giving handsome Treats; for which it has been since surmised, that he had the Art to make some Gold Watches and Purfes of his Guests bear the Charge, though no Suspicion fell upon him till his Commitment here. He flashed at the *Hague* till the Scheme mentioned in the following Letters was ripe for Execution; for tho' the two great Friends, *Plunket* and *Maclean*, had left the Road for some Time, and were separated by many Leagues of Sea and Land, yet their Heads were working Mischief, as appears by their epistolary Correspondence during the Separation; genuine Copies of which Letters we shall present our Readers with, from whence they may discover a true and lively Portrait of these two great Men.

LETTER I.

From Mr. Plunket to Mr. Maclean.

My Dear Fellow,

London, March 12, 1743.

BY this Time I hope you are pretty well acquainted at the *Hague*, and doubt not, but you have for some Time expected an Answer to your kind and affectionate Letter from *Harwich*, which the Uncertainty of my Departure from *London* prevented. My Intention of going in Company with Mr. —, on *Monday* last, was prevented by a Letter from —, at —, acquainting me, that he lay very ill of a Disorder, which made his Life be despaired of; and desired, as his last Request, to see me. This I could not think of refusing; for laying aside all Friendship for him, yet his Friends in *Ireland* would take it very ill, if I were to leave him in such a Condition; However, he is now better, and To-morrow

is the Day peremptory fixed for my turning out. To comfort you a little, and I am sure I want a little Comfort too, I have not been quite idle since I see you ; for having my Nose quite sharp set, I picked up a *Trail*, which I pursued four Miles below ———, where I espyed a Doe of forty Thousand, enclosed in a Park, with an old stern Fellow at the Gate ; yet there were some Breaches in the Wall, whereby I thought it practicable to steal in, and catch the Fawn napping. However, I shall not content myself here, for you may depend upon it I shall use both my Ears and Eyes, as well as my Nose, on my Journey. I have, out of pure Obedience to your Commands, said a very few good-natur'd Things to Miss ———, which I assure you was contrary to my Inclination ; and the more so, that you declare a Love for her. This you may think ill-natur'd, but I can foresee where this Love will end : Why, it will be in your Time and Money spent, the Girl's Virginity and Reputation lost, our Schemes neglected, and your humble Servant half starved.

Your Advice with Regard to Presents I am determined punctually to observe ; for to be plain, it is out of my Power to do otherwise. You know we talk'd of a Sattin Waistcoat, with a slight Lace, but when it came to be made, the Lace grew broad, and all together it is too good to go to *Ireland*, so it is laid up in Lavender ; and the only Pleasure it gives is, that I hope to see it wore under the embroidered *Saxon* Blue Coat, by Way of a Change, at ———, or elsewhere. I have likewise bought a Mare, in whose Praises I shall be short, only wish we were this Day on our Journey to ———, and my Lord * no better mounted than on her Back. Your Sister

* It was common, on all Expeditions of the amorous Kind, for *Plunket* to pass as the Servant, and *Maclean* sometimes for a Lord, and always for a Man of Quality.

Ann-Jane wrote to you, and I opened the Letter, which indeed is a very sensible affectionate one, but nothing in it that you may not hear soon enough at our meeting. Your Mother-in-Law defers Administration till after *Easter*. I have opened the Trunk, taken out the Coat, and done it up with the same Lock faster than ever. I have left my Trunk in good Order, and made the Bonfire you desired. Though I am unwilling to confess all with Regard to Miss —, yet I must tell you, that I am convinced that she is as willing to receive your Addresses as you are to make them.

I hope you will write to me to *Monaban* as soon as you receive this, and let me know how long you intend staying in *Holland*; for my Delay in *Ireland* shall be determined by yours at the *Hague*. Direct for me at Mr. Rogers's, at *Monaban*, not to be opened if absent.

I have omitted all Complaisance, Gratitude, and that Warmth of Affection that my Zeal for your Welfare prompt me to; being, ever since I left you, in very low Spirits. However, believe me to be as much as ever the Man who has your Happiness at Heart; and am,

Your humble Servant,

WILLIAM PLUNKET.

Directed to Mr. James Maclean, to the Care of Mr. Maclean, Minister of the English Church, at the Hague.

L E T.

LETTER H.

From Mr. Plunket to Mr. Maclean.

Dear Jimmy,

Monahan, April 12, 1749.

IN Answer to Yours from *Harwich*, I wrote to You from *London*. The most material Part of my Letter was to convince you, that I continued in the same Resolution you left me in, and had made some Progress in the Task you laid upon me at parting; and as my Delay in the Country was to be fix'd by yours at the *Hague*, I desir'd a Letter from you directed to *Monahan*, which I'm convince'd would not have been open'd till I came.

Now what your Reason was for not answering it, I'm greatly at a Loss to find out; whether my Letter never came to your Hands, whether you were afraid to write to *Monahan*, for fear of a Discovery, or whether you were determin'd to pursue the Affair no further, I can't guess; however, be the Case what it will, I shall give a short obscure Account of my Proceedings since I left *London*.

On my Way I met with a good deal of Diversion, and was at *Chester* and *Liverpool* several Days, at Assemblies, &c. much to my Satisfaction; I had a good Passage to *Dublin*, but on my Journey near *Dundalk*, I unfortunately fell from my Mare, and disjointed my Shoulder, and was otherwise very much bruised; this detained me some Time at *Dundalk*; and another Day, between *New Mills* and *Lowart*, going over a Stile, I slip't the Joint again, and am now at the *Mills*, waiting for Doctor *Wedderby* to have it settled a second Time.

Notwithstanding my Misfortune, I can justify myself with Regard to my Duty to my Lord and Master, for I was at *Market-Hill*, before I was at

Lowart,

Lowart, delivered the Letters there, and saw your Aunt and Sister *Ann-Jane*; she and all your Friends there are well, *Betty* is in *Belfast*.

I'm a little afraid to talk freely to you upon some Affairs, lest it should fall into the Hands of our Enemies, but would be glad to hear your Determination, which you may be as plain and open in as you please, because I have fixed Matters so, that no Letter directed to me at *Monahan* is to be delivered to any one but myself; and if I should even be set out for *London*, I can have them sent after me. I have been thinking of late, that if you were to bring over some Lace, &c. for the Use of the Ladies, that I could in some Country Places sell it to Advantage, and by that Means introduce myself into other Business. This by all Means would I have you do, and you will find at meeting that the Scheme is good.

You remember, I was to have bought two Horses in *Ireland*, for the Use of a Gentleman; but that I must confess I am not able to do, without a Remittance.

I'm divided whether I shall direct this to the *Hague*, lest you are set out for *London*, or inclose it first to *London*, and if you are not come there, have it directed to the *Hague*; the last Scheme is best, so I'll enclose it to Mr.—. I beg, for the Sake of the strictest Ties of Friendship, that you may as soon as possible satisfy me with Regard to your Intentions, and be assured that I am ready at a Day's Notice, and am as firmly as ever,

Your unchangeable Friend,

And most obedient Servant,

WILL. PLUNKET.

L E T.

LETTER III.

*Mr. Plunket, to Mr. Maclean.**My dear Fellow,**Lowart, April 29, 1749.*

SINCE I came Home, I have been very impatient on Account of my not hearing from you as I desired, and at last about ten Days ago wrote to you, but very prudently inclosed the Letter to Mr. ——— if in Case you were come Home to be delivered to you, if not to be forwarded to the Hague; but if you have set out for London according to your Resolution, you I hope have met the Letter in London; however, that is a Matter to be doubted, and as the Style was somewhat ambiguous, I shall run over the Particulars in short, and with less Disguise: First then the — Doe, I'll venture to call Miss — a young Lady of 40,000*l*. independent, in some small Measure despicable in Person, desirous of being married, but confin'd by a rustic old Father of great Fortune, who has no Ambition for Places of Trust or Power, nor Taste for Pleasures; which Temper confines not only himself, but likewise his whole Family at Home; where there is no Gentleman of Fortune or Spirit enough to Court the Girl. I met with her Maid at my Mama ———'s, and found Means, without Suspicion, to hear so much of her as I have told you; but was not myself at ———. On my Road to *Chester*, I met with nothing remarkable, and in *Chester* and *Liverpool*, I saw abundance of fine Ladies of extensive Fortunes, these being Places of Spirit, where they have Assemblies, &c.

In my last, I advised you to bring some Lace, &c. from *Holland*, for the Use of the Ladies; which I thought I could sell to the Ladies, and say,

I had been in *Holland* and *France*, with my Lord's and after puffing a little, perhaps have *Sharp's* good Fortune, by being brib'd by the Ladies to assist them in seducing my Master.

The poor Mare has by her Journey got a dry Blindness, to such a Degree, that she scarce sees enough to ride along the bad Roads about *Lowart*, and without she is better before I set out, I shall lose considerably by her; and in short, unless I can both sell her and the two Watches, of which I see no Prospect at present, I shall not be able to pay ten Guineas I owe here; which I absolutely must, much less buy a Gelding or two, with other Necessaries.

As to Miss ——— you may be assured, there is nothing of the Kind, that would give you Pleasure, that I would not assist you in; but as I cannot be of any Use in that Case, except what is to be done by ——— Means, and even then, thro' her Perverseness, no Certainty of succeeding, I am sure you'll excuse me, when I tell you, that my either sending to her a Message, or writing to ——— would do me the greatest Injury, be quite overturning a Scheme I have laid, of being off with her; for which End, I wrote her a long, formal, lying Letter lately, and if her knowing that you were in Town could be easily avoided, I should be glad on't.

In my Journey from *Dublin*, I got an accidental Fall, which disjointed my Shoulder, bruised and hurt me very much; of all which, I am pretty well recover'd, except the Weakness in my Shoulder, which has very much obstructed my Happiness since I came Home, particularly with Regard to my Cousin ———, the ——— Daughter, who is now at ———, and has a thousand Pounds certain, in her own Power, and without a Joak, I be-

lieve, it might be possible to carry her off; but enough of this.

I have been the more plain and particular, both with Regard to what Success I have had in tracing, and concerning my own Circumstances, that you may be the abler to give me your Sentiments, what is to be done; by which, be assured, I shall be determined, and let me beg you'll lose no Time in answering me. Look not for a Multiplicity of Words to convince you of my Constancy, that being the Method of those who endeavour to deceive; but in all Times and Places, I am *semper eadem*.

WILLIAM PLUNKET.

L E T T E R IV.

Mr. Maclean to Mr. Plunket; taken from a Copy written on the Back of the former.

Dear Billy,

Hague, May 15, 1749.

I Receiv'd your two kind Letters, and am much pleased with your Diligence to promote our mutual Interest. The Doe is tempting, and the Circumstances not unfavourable to our Designs; I think, if we can get Access, we cannot fail of Success. The Thoughts of it has determined me to leave this Place the Day after Tomorrow, where the Pleasures of the Place would tempt me to a longer Stay; but I haste to meet you at London, that we may proceed on Schemes, that may, if rightly conducted, make us both happy for Life, and save me from the Horrors that haunt me in the Midst of the greatest Gaiety. Your Proposal as to the Lace would do, but the *India* Stock is too low to be encroach'd upon; for I have but
sixty

sixty Pounds left ; how the rest went, for Particulars I refer to our Meeting. I am, Dear *Billy*,

Yours, &c.

JAMES MACLEAN.

L E T T E R V.

From Mr. PLUNKET to Mr. MACLEAN.

I Receiv'd Yours, of the 15th of *May*, and think it unnecessary to mention my last to you, in Answer to Yours, from the *Hague*, because I am almost convinc'd, you have before this Time received it ; and now to be short, let me first assure you, that my Dispositions, towards our intended Expedition, are as good as ever ; but I am sorry to find, that the *India* Stock is so low, especially considering the State of Affairs with myself, which frankly is as follows : My fine Mare, worth thirty Guineas, is like to go blind, and consequently not marketable, so that I must turn her to breed ; and my two Watches are still undisposed of. I am twenty Pounds in Debt in this Country, and not one Guinea in my Pocket. Now, what is to be done in this Case, I shudder at the Thought ; but to convince you, that I am as well affected as ever, and I beg you may believe me to be so, if you send me a Bill of ten Pieces, I'll endeavour to wait on you as soon as possible ; but without that, by G — I am Storm-fled, not to mention Horse, Cloaths, &c. I am now fretting my Guts to Fiddle Strings, and tho' I have been very elegantly entertain'd since I came here, yet, I have a gooddeal of Trouble in keeping my Countenance, in any Sort of Gaiety, and nothing I long so much for, as to see my dear *Jemmy* once more.

You have seen, and I hope gained your Desire in seeing Miss ———, which would give me great Pleasure; but I hope in the mean Time, you will f———y, for after all, I find that must be the Way for me to get rid of her.

My dear Friend, I am almost drunk, but rather than lose one Post, I chuse to trouble you with this Scrawl, which I hope you will excuse, and believe it to be the real State of the Case. I have avoided letting any of your Friends or mine know of your being in *London*, for certain Reasons.

I could say a great deal more, but the Whiskey is in my Head, and the Post waits; but G——d——me, my Dispositions for Business of any kind are as strong as ever, notwithstanding I am a Cripple. God bless you.

WILLIAM PLUNKET.

L E T T E R VI.

Mr. Maclean to Mr. Plunket; taken from a Copy on the Back of the former.

Dear Billy,

London, May 25, 1749.

I just receiv'd your Letter, which at the same Time gave me Concern and Surprize, every Part of it being so different from what I have seen and expected from you. I am sorry you had not one sober Hour to spare to write to me in; for I think being drunk a very bad Apology for the imperfect Stile of your Letter, which, I dare say, you would blush to see just now, with the Eyes that I do, being out of a sick Bed, full of melancholy Reflections. However, it is from *Will. Plunket*, which prevents my saying any more on the Subject.

I now

I now begin where I before left off; for in my former Letter, I told you, I had sixty Pieces left, twenty of which I lost at the late Jubilee Masquerade. My late Illness, that I am just recovering out of, and my Expences otherwise, since I came to Town, has borrowed sixteen more; so that I declare, my whole Capital does not extend 25 l. which we might do something with, if you were here; but by sending ten Pounds to you, the Remainder we could never expect to do any Good with. You must have been very extravagant in your Expences, to spend what you had, and run so much in Debt. But that is a Thing I have no Right to charge to your Account, as I have been too guilty of it myself. I wish to God you could by any Means come over, where, with the small remaining Stock, and good OEconomy, we might put our Designs in Execution about Miss——; but if you stay much longer, the Money will be all gone; and I, at last, must march off to *Jamaica*, which I am resolved shall be my next Recourse, *if I can do nothing before the Cash is all gone; as I am resolved, what kept me before from it never shall again; you know what I mean.* All that I can say, is this, there is to be a Masquerade at *Marybon*, in eight Days, where, for the last Time, I am resolved to try my Fortune; if I am successful, you may depend upon a Remittance, the next Post after, which if at all will be in ten Days after the Receipt of this. I am,

Yours, &c.

JAMES MACLEAN.

L E T

LETTER VII.

I Received Yours of the 25th of *May*, and notwithstanding I must acknowledge several Parts of it are not quite so kind as I should have expected from the Person, who was always so liberal in his Declarations of Friendship, yet, the melancholy Account of your Health, and the dismal State of your Purse, gives me as much Concern as my own present Circumstances. And now, as well to shew you, that I am not willing to be at Enmity with my once dearest Friend, as to vindicate and justify myself from the Accusation you a little too warmly charge me with, I shall beg Leave to give you my Remarks on your severe Letter.

I acknowledged myself drunk, allow it to be so, I am sure I wrote nothing but Facts; and I hope said nothing affronting, except, that I wanted to beg a Favour. I would be glad to know, what you mean by saying, It is *Will. Plunket* that disappointed you. I am very sorry, I can say in Reply, that *James Maclean* has disappointed me, I shall say no more on that Subject. Next, as to my Expences, I have been so far from being extravagant, that I have been quite the Reverse; for the Debt, that I owe, was not contracted since I came Home, nor am I push'd for it at present; and what I wanted ten Pounds for, was to bring home a *London*, being disappointed in the Sale of two *Wharves*, and a Mare, which I intended should have been over; and poor as I am present, were I to stay to Night, I could pay ten Guineas to-morrow Night; so that I assure you, I had no View to be complimented with that Sum. Your losing Money at the Masquerade I am not

at all chargeable with, because I am convinced, had I been on the Spot, I could not have prevented your being there, but might likely have shared the same Fate.

I confess, I am as anxious to see *London* once more, as you can be for what you most wish for, and will be as ready to wait of you to any Part of *England*, as ever I profess'd ; but cannot by any Means, under my present Circumstances, get away from here before three Weeks ; so that I suppose, you will make your Journey to ——— before then ; and without you carry a Servant, I am afraid of your Success, as they are a People in a very high Station.

The best Account I can give of Mr. ——— is, that he is a Gentleman, who lives four Miles beyond ——— has one only Daughter of 40,000 *l.* independent, besides a good deal more to be expected. She is ugly, little, and desirous of being married to a handsome, tall Gentleman ; she is confined at Home very much ; so that I think, if a Gentleman of Figure and Fortune were accidentally to meet her at Church, and would promise to bring her to her beloved *London*, he might have a Chance for the Prize. And now, dear *Jemmy*, I'll swear, it grieves me not to accompany you, and if you could, by any Means, put off going till I hear from you, send me the Bill, and upon my Honour, you shall be paid the Day I come to Town. Besides, I have a Chance of bringing a good handsome Gelding over with me, belonging to *Robin* ; but, I owe him ten Pounds, and without I pay him that, he will not trust me the Horse.

If you cannot come into this Scheme, I hope you'll write to me ; and in the sincerest Manner,
I pray

I pray God send you good Success. And am, in
Spite of Fate,

Your sincere Well-wisher,

WILLIAM PLUNKET.

P. S. For Safety of Keeping, I pawn'd my
Watch, at Three Balls for two Gui-
neas, and foolishly not thinking to stay so long in
Ireland, gave him a Title to sell it at the End of
three Months, if not released; therefore, beg
you'll speedily release it, and pawn it again for the
same; he will give it upon the under Note. *Here
followed an Order in common Form.*

LETTER VII.

*Mr. Maclean to Mr. Plunket; taken from a scul
Copy, without Date or Subscription.*

Dear Billy,

WHEN Friends like you and I write, a
scrupulous Scrutiny into the Meaning and
Import of Words ought to be avoided; we know
each other too well and too long, and our Interest
is too much connected, to leave Room for En-
mity or Suspicion on either Side. Believe me, I
am as sincerely Yours as ever, and not to delay any
Thing, that can give you Pleasure; know, that I
had a little Success at the Masquerade, and now
send you the Bill for ten Pounds. For God's
Sake make haste over, as we have now Cash; if
you were here, I should look upon this Doe as our
own. I shall do nothing till you come; but I hope
to have some Amusement with Mifs ———; I
have as good as an Assignment with her Tomor-
row Night; so that I find, what you told me in
one

one of Yours to be true, viz. that she was almost as willing to receive my Addresses, as I was to make them: But I assure you, my Affair with her shall neither take up much Time, nor Money; nor interfere with our Schemes, much less shall it half starve my Friend as you pretend to prophecy.

I am, &c.

As this Letter finishes the epistolary Correspondence between these two Heroes, in the Time that we must suppose this Letter passing to *Ireland*, and Mr. *Plunket* riding Post here, we shall entertain the Reader with the Result of the Assignment mentioned in this last Letter, which we can only draw from the Ladies Letters to Mr. *Maclean*; which are as follows:

LETTER I.

Miss ——— to Mr. MACLEAN.

N. B. No Addrefs.

AS I had not the Pleasure to see you the other Day, I must beg Leave to take Course to Pen and Paper, to let you know I shall be glad to see you To-day, in the *Park*, at three o'Clock, if agreeable to you; please to sit upon the Bench, by *St. James's-Gate*; I'll meet you, to speak a Word or two once more. It shall be the last Time of troubling you, tho' the greatest Pleasure I have at present, is in thinking of dear Mr. *M* ——— and I believe, it is a Displeasure to you when I come into your Thoughts. Oh! Poor me, unhappy as I am, but the Pleasure of seeing you To-day, will be Life. I shan't keep you long, I shall tell you the Reason when I see you; once more send me a Line, because I shall know you are not angry with

G

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with me for taking this Liberty of troubling you with my Scrole. Dear Sir, let me see you; which will be esteemed as a great Favour done to, dear Mr. M.

Your most obedient humble Servant,

Friday, Oct.

12, 1749.

LETTER II.

From the same to Mr. Maclean.

S I R,

YOUR Goodness will excuse my not seeing you; for I am so sick with Fright, I have not seen my Mama, nor No-body of the Family. Dear Sir, let me know what to do, if you will be my Friend, as promised; for I have said a great many Things about what you know. I said I was at the Play with a Lady, and I went to the Tavern with her, and was so late before it was done. I hear no more about the Marriage. From

Your disconsolate Friend.

P. S. I pray a Line from you. I am almost mad. It is impossible for me to go out, I am so confin'd, Burn this when you receive it.

LETTER III.

From the same to Mr. Maclean,

S I R,

FOR God's Sake tell me what do, for my Mama has got a Warrant out for to take them up where I said I was all Night. If you do not stand my

my Friend, and tell me what to do, I shall be lost for ever. Oh, dear Sir, remember what you promised me before I left my Papa's House. O Christ! Sir, send me a Line this Moment for I am raving mad: From

Your dear Friend,——.

The young Creature was not only ruined for Amusement, as he calls it, but, to humour his Friend *Plunket*, and in Compliance, probably, with his drunken Advice in his Letter No. 5. Page 35, another innocent young Woman was undone after a yet more barbarous Manner. But her own Words can best paint her Case, describe the deliberate Villain, and raise the unhappy young Creature that Compassion she deserves from the virtuous Part of Mankind. Her Letters follow, under the fictitious Name of *Marian*.

The following Letters were wrote by a young Lady, in such Distress and Contrition for her Folly, that the Editor was so much affected with Pity and Compassion for her Misfortunes, as made him almost determine not to publish them: But on considering how serviceable they may be to caution young Women from being drawn into such Company, and deluded by designing Men to their utter Ruin, thought it absolutely necessary. However, the Lady may rest assured, that her Name neither has or shall be exposed; neither is it known to more than to two Persons, nor ever shall to any other.

LETTER I.

MARIAN to Mr. MACLEAN.

SIR,

UPON second Consideration of what we was talking of, last Night, I think it must be on *Thursday*; I must put off my Engagement, though with Difficulty, and forge some Story, that I am obliged to go into the City to see a Place; so desire you will not fail coming; For, I assure you, I was forced to put my Wits to work, to contrive to be here; but as to that, it is not the first Lye I have been forced to tell on your Account—God forgive me. You know where I am now, so my Cousin gives her Compliments to you.—Pray do not fail coming; if you do,

*Wednesday Morn.**Farewel for ever.*

LETTER II.

MARIAN to Mr. MACLEAN.

SIR,

I Was much surprized that you did not come on the *Thursday* in the Afternoon, when you urg'd it so very much, which I complied with, though with a deal of Difficulty; and after I had staid the utmost Time I could, found you did not come.—You are not sensible of the Uneasiness it gave me,—so desired to see you in the Morning; when I went with much ado, and waited patiently till the Hour of Eleven,—then till Night, and finding you did not come—Oh! You have not Tenderness enough to sympathize with me in what I underwent

in

in my own Mind ; for I plainly see you have not nor never, had, any Regard for me : If you had, you would behaved otherwise to me than you have done ; for you nor No-body knows what Trouble you have brought me into, but myself : But yet, through my own Unthinkingness, you have often said to me, as well as to others, that you would do something for me,—though I never asked it of you ; no, I have a Heart that scorns a Thing so mean,—but thought you had Honour and Generosity enough to have done it without,—but find you have neither ;—so should be glad if you would consider seriously with yourself, not as a Man of the World,—but as a Man of some Gratitude, whether you think it reasonable or no ; for all what I suffer now you are the Cause of.—I desire only to have an Hour's Talk with you, if you think it worth while : But, alas ! you will think you have had what you wanted, and I may go to the Devil now, for what you care.—If I had no more Goodness in me than you have, I should have went otherwise to work with you than I did.—But now let me have a Proof of your Goodness, and let me know if you will speak to me or no ; if you will not, send me a few Lines, and enclose it to Mrs. A———P———, at you know where ; she said she told you.—So, if you will send me a few Lines, then I will let you know where I will see you, and when. Pray write the direct Post, for I am almost mad.—No-body knows of this ; pray burn it.—I brought it myself.

To Mr. Maclean.

Monday Night.

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L E T.

LETTER III.

MARIAN to M. MACLEAN.

SIR,

I Suppose you received a Letter from a Friend of mine last *Tuesday*, but sent no Answer;—so think proper to write myself, for I find you take no Notice of the unhappy Situation you have involved me in.—You said it was in your Power to make me happy; if it is, for God's Sake do it now, for I am quite miserable at present.—Oh! Sir, had you but half that Weight upon your Mind that I have,—if you had no Love, no Honour left, yet Pity (yes, I say Pity) would move you to compassionate my Distress:—For, oh! consider what you have forced from me. You robbed me of what was always dearer to me than Life,—Yes, you know you forced it from me.—Had you robbed me of all I had in this World, but what you did, I should not have cared, for then I could have got my Living any where with an easy Mind; but now, where shall I go? Oh! where shall I fly for Comfort?—Oh! consider in what an unhappy Situation you left me in that fatal Night.—Oh! why did you not take my Life, rather than what you did; then you would have done a charitable Act, and I only should have been eased of my Grief a little sooner: for you will have my Death to answer for;—for now I die by Inches;—for I find it so firmly fixed upon my Spirits never to be removed, —without you remove it.—So, Sir, for Heaven's Sake, think of something to do for me directly, for I must not stay where I am long; and where I shall go, God only knows, for I do not.—

Oh!

Oh! Sir, you know my Innocence, you know you forced from me what, if you had loved me, you would have scorned to have done! Oh! Man, cursed, deceitful Man, what have you all to answer for, in ruining poor, innocent, young Creatures as you do? It was your Tongue that led me into my Ruin; Oh! wretched Creature that I am!—Oh! what can you ever do to make me Amends for what I undergo?—if you can do, make me easy—if you can make me your Wife, or will, I should make it my daily Study for you never to have Cause to repent it.—For I am sure I could not be so vile as ever to have a Thought of having any Body else, for no other Man has any Right to me, but yourself—but you never must think of having me upon other Terms, for you never shall—no, I will first go to the farthest Part of the World, and never think of cursed Man—My Inclinations are as virtuous as ever—so, Sir, consider my Distress, and think of some Relief—before I go hence, if you do not, there is a just God that will right the Innocent, and punish the wrong Doer—You may say any Thing to this good Gentleman, for he lives in the House, and heard all the Noise the next Morning, he is a very good Friend of mine, so you may write to me, or send by Word of Mouth, which you please, for one I do expect—Good Heaven defend me, I shall go distracted, for I hardly know what I say or do—I could say a great deal more, but the Gentleman waits; if the Paper should be wet, it is with the Tears from my Eyes—so must conclude myself the most unhappy and wretched of my Sex.

To Mr. Maclean,

N. B. *He told a Friend of hers that he had burnt this Letter, but it appears he did not.*

L E T.

LETTER IV.

MARIAN to Mr. MACLEAN.

S I R,

I Wonder that after writing such a Letter to you, you should take no Notice of it, but to say I had used you ill, and did not know what to make of it. Alas! Sir, I think it was I that was used ill; for what you accused me of in that Respect I know nothing of—and as to my Letter, you know it was Truth, and all from my Heart; and there is not one Word but I can stand to; but one Word I am sorry I put in, and that is—Wife—Oh! Sir, I thought your Nature was more humane and tender than I find it is, for you are sensible how barbarously you used me in so short a Time, and must think what I must suffer by it, which I must keep to myself as long as I can—

Oh! my God, never was Girl betray'd and ruin'd in such an unthinking Manner as I was; had you perswaded or bribed me to it, then I should not have minded it so much as I do now—But, Oh! your Honour—but why should I talk of Honour to one that knows not what it is, but yet may know what Gratitude is, though you do not practice it—my Hand trembles, so I don't know if you can read it, but must take it as it is—I am at Miss—now, and set down to write, to ease my Mind—they wonder they never see you of so long—As you burnt the other Letter for your own Pleasure, I conjure you to do the same by this for mine—I desire to here what you have to say to me, and send it to where I am now—burn this for God's Sake, for no Body knows of it, nor would I have them for ever so much. In Haste,

From your uneasy

and injured Girl.

'Tis

'Tis now Time to return to our Narrative, of his more particular Transactions. The Reader may have gathered from the Correspondence between him and *Plunket*, the grand Prospect these mischievous Schemers had in View. Every Thing is now ready for the much longed for Expedition to——. *Plunket* is arrived, a Couple of handsome Geldings are prepared and equipped with very grand Furniture, with Money in their Pockets, full of Hope and consummate Impudence: Mr. *Maclean* assumes the Title of Lord, and *Plunket* acts in the Capacity of a Valet, and both together set out to run down the Doe of 40,000*l*.

On their first Arrival in that Part of the Country where their Prey lay, they had not the Acquaintance of one Soul in the Family, only *Plunket* had once spoke to the Lady's Waiting-maid. However, that was but a trivial Discouragement to Men of their enterprizing Spirit. They put up at an Inn in the next Village, and cast about for an Opportunity of seeing, if not of being introduced to the young Lady; it was in the Season of Cocking, and my Lord pretended to be fond of that Sport, borrowed a Gun of the Landlord of the Inn, and sent his Man with an impudent, formal Compliment to the Lord of the Manor, the stern old Fellow that watched the Doe, desiring Leave to shoot in his Enclosures. They had two Designs in this, one to acquaint the Family with the assumed Title, and the other an Excuse for *Plunket* to get into the Family, and by that Means scrape an Acquaintance with the Servants: Both succeeded, the Favour asked was granted; my Lord went a Shooting, shot a Brace of Cocks, and sent them as a Present to the 'Squire, who receiv'd them in but a surly Manner; but *Plunket* at that Time got acquainted with the Butler, and by that Means, in a Day or two had brought, to speak in military Terms, his Approaches so near the Lady's

dy's Quarters, as to enter upon a Treaty with her Maid for betraying the Garrison.

My Lord went to Church on the *Sunday*, dressed fine enough for a Birth-Day, drew the Eyes of the whole Congregation on his Person and Finery, and made no small Impression on the Object to whom all this gawdy Shew was addressed, of which they received the Report next Day from their Emissary, the Waiting-woman, to the great Encouragement of their Hopes.

My Lord would have had the Impudence, after Sermon, to invite himself into the 'Squire's Company, but the stern old Fellow, who hated Court and Courtiers, as much as he did Debt or Taxes, suspecting his Lordship of some Court-intrigue relating to Election, returned the Compliment he made him in the Church-yard, in such gruff Terms, that Impudence was dashed, and he durst not proceed to invite himself to Dinner; however, he bowed to the little ugly Miss, saw Corn, Wine, and Oil in her Countenance, and a Kind of an approving Languor in her Eye, that made great Amends for the unpolite Behaviour of the Rustic her Father; but we must remember, that we are not writing a Romance, and that our prescribed Bounds will not permit us to be particular in all the Vicissitudes of the Intrigue, which lasted for near three Months, and yet in all that Time, they had succeeded no farther than they did the first Week, when they brought over the Waiting maid to their Interest, who was not in all that Time able to bring the Porter to an Interview, or even to prevail on the Lady to write to her amorous Lord: At last, when their Patience was on its last Legs, and their Purse drained to the last Guinea, and my Lord's Horses in some Danger of being in Tribulation at the Inn, Mr. Maclean received a short Billet from the Waiting-maid, acquainting him, that her Master had

had discovered his Lordship's Business in that Country, said publickly at Table, that he was a sharpening Scoundrel, and no Lord, and before two Days would have him in the Stocks, dressed in one of his best Suits, advising him to take care of himself; that he was a malicious, testy old Fellow where he took a Pique, and valued a Lord no more than a Loufe. His Lordship took her Advice without much deliberating, packed up his Awls that very Night, and set out, with a heavy Heart and an empty Purse, for London.

This was the Event of his grand Expedition, on which he and *Plunket* built so much; and now, according to his pious Resolution in his second Letter to *Plunket*, marked *Number VI. Page 37*, he should prepare for *Jamaica*, his last Recourse, if this failed, and keep to his Determination of never more returning to the Highway. But these were the Resolutions of a Sick Bed, the Determination of a Mind agitated between the Fear of Death, and Reflections of a guilty Conscience; they soon vanished, making good the old Saying;

*When the Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk would be;
When the Devil was well, the Devil a Monk was he.*

So it happened with the infatuated *Maclean*, for tho' by the Sale of his Horses and Furniture, and useless Cloaths, he might have fitted himself for the *West-Indies* in a very genteel Manner, and had Reputation enough left to procure sufficient Recommendation from hence, yet he was prevailed on once more to try his Fate on the Road, and was but too successful, made several rich Prizes; amongst the rest they robbed Mr. *Walpole*, and on a Reward being advertised for the Watch, *Plunket* had the Impudence to go and receive it himself, chusing to run that Risk, rather than trust a third Person with

their dangerous Secret. But all human Prudence is in vain to stop the Hand of Justice, when once the Measure of our Iniquity is full; our closest Secrets take Air we know not how, our Precaution serves to betray us, and our own Folly acts the Part of Informers to satisfy offended Justice. The Crisis of *Maclean's* Fate was at Hand; he had run his Course, and must now atone for all his Depredations on the Publick. It was he that proposed this last Excursion on the 26th of *June* to *Plunket*, who was at that Time indisposed, and very unwilling to turn out, but *Maclean*, impelled by an uncommon Impulse, urged him so earnestly, that he complied. They came up about two o'Clock in the Morning near *Turnham-Green*, with the *Salisbury* Stage-Coach, in which were five Men and a Woman Passenger; though this was *Maclean's* Prize and Expedition, yet *Plunket* was the acting Man, who obliged all the Men to come out of the Coach one by one, and rifled them, and then putting his Pistol in his Pocket for Fear of frightening the Lady, without forcing her out of the Coach, took what small Matter she offer'd without further Search. Mr. *Plunket* would have gone off, but *Maclean* full of his Fate, demanded the Cloak-bags out of the Boot of the Coach; each of them took one before him and rode off, bidding a polite Adieu to the Passengers, and riding as deliberately as if they had been guilty of no such Thing.

The same Morning they met, and robbed Lord *Eglington*, who was the Prize they really went out for. They effected it by a Stratagem, as my Lord was arm'd with a Blunderbuss; one of them screen'd himself behind the Post-boy, so that if his Lordship fired, he must shoot his Servant, and the other with a Pistol cock'd demanded his Money, and ordered him to throw his Blunderbuss out on the Ground. *Maclean* declared in the *Gatehouse*, that they took
from

from his Lordship but seven Guineas in Cash, though the News-Papers made their Booty amount to forty Guineas. They returned with their fatal Prize to *Maclean's* Lodgings before the Family was up, and got in the Cloak-bag without being observed, where the Spoil was divided. But though the Cloaths were described in the publick Papers, yet so infatuated was *Maclean*, that he went to one Mr. *L*——a Salesman, gave him a Direction to his Lodgings to call and see these Cloaths; the Salesman came and bought them for four Pound ten Shillings, and on shewing them to his Partner, he knew they answered the Description of Mr. *Higden's* Cloaths, Mr. *Higden* was apprized of it, and knew his Property, and that this unhappy Man, *Maclean*, might do all in his Power to hasten his Ruin, he carried the Lace stripp'd off Mr. *Higden's* Waistcoat to the Lace-man from whom it had been bought, who bought it, and shewed it the Owner; who immediately had Mr. *Maclean* taken into Custody, and carried before Mr. Justice *L*——. On his first Examination, he denied the Fact, but afterwards, that he might leave himself no possible Room to escape, he formed the Design of saving his Life by impeaching his Accomplice *Plunket*, foolishly imagining that Justice would promise Life to a Villain they had in Custody, for impeaching another that was out of their Reach. But *quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*, though he was told a Confession, without impeaching a Number of Accomplices, would not avail him; the Time was given him to reflect upon the Importance of what he was about to do, yet he still insisted on a Confession, not from Compunction, Remorse, or Horror of his Guilt, but from the base Design of saving a worthless Life, by impeaching his Quondam Friend. On his second Examination he delivered his Confession in Writing, and behaved in a most dastardly, pusillanimous Manner,

Manner, whimpering and crying like a whipp'd School-Boy ; however, this Behaviour, absurd as it was, drew sympathetic Tears, and opened the Purfes of his fair Audience, whose Bounty supported him in great Affluence while in the *Gatehouse*, and gave him Hopes, amounting almost to a Certainty of a free Pardon. But he was miserably mistaken. *Trust not to the Arm of Flesh, nor put your Confidence in Princes ; for they will certainly deceive you.*

He was brought to his Trial on the 13th of September last, and thought proper to retract his Confession, pretended he was flurried, and in some Measure delirious when he made it ; that he had received the Cloaths from *Plunket* in Part of a Debt, and produced several People to speak to his Character. But the Evasion had no Weight with the Jury, they believed the Evidence of his Confession before the Justice, and brought him in guilty without going out of Court.

At receiving Sentence, Guilt, Shame, Dread, &c. deprived him of the Power of Speech, and hinder'd his reading a Paper, pathetically enough penn'd, praying for Mercy. But as it was not his own Composition, and has been in all the publick Papers, we shall not trouble the Reader with a Recital of it.

This is a dismal Reverse of all his blooming Hopes ; Fetters, a dismal Cell, and an ignominious Death in the Prime of Life, aggravated by a natural Dread of Death, Guilt, Remorse, and Shame for the Dishonour heaped on an honest Family ; all his flattering Friends left him, their boasted Interest failed, Mercy was refused at their Request, and perhaps had he had the fewer Advocates of a certain Class, he had had more Friends amongst those in Power.

His honest Brother suffered most on this dismal Occasion, and wrote on the Occasion three Letters that have been made publick, that discover the Man, the

the Christian, and the sympathizing Friend:—
They are as follows.

*A Letter from the Rev. Mr. * * * to ———, upon receiving the News of James Maclean's being committed for Robbery, &c.*

S I R,

Utrecht, Aug. 17, N. S. 1750.

I Receiv'd your melancholy Letter, but the dismal News it contained had reached me here before it arrived, as I have been happily absent from the *Hague* some Time.

I never thought any belonging to me would have loaded me with such heart-breaking Affliction, as the infamous Crimes of him whom I will call Brother no more, have brought upon me; how often, and how solemnly have I admonished him of the miserable Consequences of an idle Life, and, alas! to no Purpose!

However that be, I have made all the Application possible for his Life, filled with Shame and Confusion, that I have been obliged to make Demands so contrary to Justice, and hardly knowing with what Face to do it, in the Character I bear as a Minister of Truth and Righteousness.

It is the Interest of some Friends I have made here, that can only save his Life: They have lost no Time in applying, and I hope their Endeavours will be successful; but I still hope more, that if Providence should so order Events, as that he escapes the utmost Rigour of the Law, and has that Life prolonged he does not deserve to enjoy any longer, I hope, or rather wish, that in such a Case he may have a proper Sense and Feeling of his enormous Crimes, which lay ample Foundation for drawing on the wretched Remainder of his Days in Sorrow and Repentance.

With

With Respect to me, it would give me Consolation, if I could hope that this would be the Issue of his Trials; it would comfort me on his Account, as he is a Man, because I will never acknowledge him in any nearer Relation; and because, except such good Offices as former Ties, and present Humanity demands from me on his Behalf, I am never to have any further Correspondence with him during his mortal Life.

I have given Orders to look towards his Subsistence, and what is necessary for it.

I am obliged to you, Sir, for your Attention in communicating to me this dismal News, and shall willingly embrace any Opportunity of shewing myself, Sir,

Your most, &c.

P. S. If you see this my unhappy Brother, let him know my Compassion for his Misery, as well as my Indignation against his Crimes; as also, that I shall omit nothing in my Power to have his Sufferings mitigated;—he has, I fear, broken my Heart, and will make me draw on the rest of my Days in Sorrow.

Hague, Sept. 22, N. S. 1750.

Unhappy Brother,

YOU have put it out of my Power to write to you without Distraction of Mind:—Your State and Condition is so deplorable—and the Circumstances of it (to which I cannot accustom my Thoughts) so strange—and to me so terrible—that I should have no Repose, did not the Divine Comforts of Religion support me, on the one Hand—and my Sorrow and Affliction work upon me sometimes the dismal Effect of Insensibility—on the other.

When

When I speak of your deplorable State, I do not mean only the Sufferings that load you—nor the Infamy that, alas! too justly pursues you—and will perhaps unjustly attack those that belong to you:—These, indeed, are terrible Evils:—But, in my Esteem, they are nothing in Comparison with the Crimes that have occasioned them—And would to God you could think so!—I don't mention your Crimes now to express my Indignation at your Conduct, but rather my Compassion for your immortal Soul: My Indignation is almost lost in a Sense of your Misery;—I mention your Crimes chiefly to penetrate your Heart with that deep Contrition—that the very Workings of Conscience should produce, if there was not upon Earth one Mortal to be a Witness of your Guilt—or to pursue it with the Judgment it deserves.

Consider—Oh! consider, in the first Place, that All-seeing God—whose sacred Laws and Majesty you have trampled upon by such daring, such heinous, such unjustifiable Transgressions:—Did not he, in his adorable Goodness, give you that Health and Strength, and those Opportunities—which many want—that you might push yourself in the World by honest and virtuous Industry? And have you not often been told, that such Industry, through the Bounty of Providence, would always procure a Provision in Life sufficient for a good Mind—a Provision sweetned by those sacred Delights of a peaceful Conscience—which the World cannot give—and which, amidst all its Changes, it cannot take away?—Lost to the Sense of God as your Benefactor—did you not also lose the View of him, as your Judge—who has in his Hands your everlasting Condition?—In the same Acts did you not ungratefully despise His Goodness—that gave you Life and Being—and daringly defy that Almighty Justice that can
I make

make them both miserable to thee for ever?—
 Have you not sinned against the Ashes of those tender Parents—that took care to educate you in the Fear of God—and in the Principles of Virtue? I bless his Name, that he has removed them from this World—where, inaccessible to Sorrow and Pain—the Sight of your Misery cannot reach them—to imbitter the Springs of their Happiness—as it has done with respect to mine in this Life. The unhappy Companion of your Iniquity—will bring down the grey Hairs of his—with Sorrow to the Grave—tho' they have this for their Comfort—that it will be in a good and pious old Age.

I judge also, how far you have been abandon'd—when not only the Excellence of Virtue—the Horrors of Vice—the Presence of the great God—and the Prospect of his tremendous Judgments—had no Effect upon your Soul—to startle it in the Pursuit of such an enormous Course—but when you were even lost to a Sense of Self-preservation, a Principle that remains often in the greatest Wretches—to hinder them from such Crimes—even when every good and worthy Disposition is intirely fled.—It is true, indeed, that a Man is not in the least praise-worthy who obtains—from such a low Principle as Self-preservation only:—But, alas! on the other hand, it is also true—that Wickedness must be grown to a great Height, when a Principle so strong as Self-preservation—will not stop its Course:—How few are the Examples of those—that have escaped after the Commission of such Crimes, as yours?—Has not the Divine Justice seized the most of them here—to give them a Fore-taste of what their Crimes may expect hereafter?—See, O unhappy Offender! What Fools Vice makes of Men!—It shuts their Eyes upon

Snares

Snares and Precipices——that lie as clear before them as the Sun at Noon-day.

When you have entered into all these Considerations, let your Sense of Honour arise——If it is not quite extinguished, it will give new Vigour to your Contrition:——But still let it be the very last Consideration:——Honour is only the Opinion of the World: But it is the World's great Governor and Judge with whom you have had principally to do:——The Way to make your Peace with God, will be the Way to remove from you the Indignation of the World, if it judges right——and if you are to continue in it: But if your Peace is made with him——it is no Matter how the World treats you——for He is greater than the World:——O that you could feel by Experience——that God is greater than the World!——But in order to this much is required:——You must first know Him:——Prostrate yourself before his Mercy, as it is offered in the Gospel to penitent Offenders——and perhaps the Consolations of his undeserved Goodness and Grace may yet find an Entrance into your Soul:——I implore you, as you regard your Soul's eternal Welfare——not to indulge the Hopes of Life——as a Motive to slacken your Repentance——for if you have a true Sense of your guilty State——you will think nothing of such immediate and indispensable Necessity as to make your Peace with an offended God, whether Life or Death awaits you:——You may be disappointed in your Hopes of Mercy here below——If then in the Expectation of that——you neglect all other Considerations——Good God! what will become of you? The Mercies of God are sure to those who seek for them sincerely; and they will be the best Preparation for whatever is to be your Lot:——You can be no-way instrumental yourself——in the Means of escaping the Danger that hangs over you here——Oh! turn not then your Thoughts to that

Side,—but turn them to avert the Danger that hangs over you hereafter ;—for there you may be successful by your Contrition and Repentance.—May God prepare you for whatever is to be your Lot ! —You have my Prayers and Tears ;—and I hope you will be enabled to pray yourself, and to weep over your Transgressions, as I do.—I am, with all Sympathy, and in the deepest Affliction,

Yours, &c.

A. M.

I have not heard that you have applied to any Minister to help you to the Consolations of Religion—and to renew those sacred Instructions that you have, alas ! —I fear, entirely defaced in your Heart—I own to you, I have dreadful Fears—that your Sorrow—is rather the Effect of Shame and Fear—than a Fruit arising from a Sense of your Guilt—O beware of this !

My Dear Sir,

I T is truly impossible for me to express the deep and grateful Sense I have of that Friendship, Humanity, and generous Zeal, that you have shewn in the Case of my wretched and unhappy Brother—Your discreet and kind Letter to me upon this melancholly Subject gave me the highest Sentiments of your Wisdom, as well as of the amiable Tenderness of your Compassion—And shall for ever hinder it from being possible for me to forget how much I owe you.

I always believed myself exposed to Affliction—I laid my Accounts for many—I had begun to feel some—but could never dream of the Possibility of such as have been now sent to cast a Cloud over my Days, and bring down my Head (in all Appearance before it grows grey) with Sorrow to the Grave.

What Anguish must it bring to my Soul—to see

see not only all Sense of Virtue—of Providence, and a Judgment to come—but also all Sense of Honour and Shame, lost in one—whom the Ties of Nature oblige me to call *Brother*?—to see him fall, not once only, thro' a sudden Fit of Despair, into such an infamous Crime—(which, though inexcusable, would yet have been less heinous)—but to go on (as I find by Mr. D——'s Letter) for the Matter of almost two Years, in that horrid Course—O my Dear H——, this overcomes me—this weighs me to the Ground!

You talk to me of his Penitence—God grant it may flow from right Principles! Fear and Shame excite a Sorrow that has often the Mien of Repentance, without the Thing—If he repents truly, let him consider the horrible Nature of his Crimes, the Blackness of their Guilt, and the righteous Majesty of Heaven, that is offended by them—Let his Heart be melted with Sorrow—not so much for the Misery he feels—as for the Offences that have been its Cause: Let him not weep over the *Consequences* of his Crimes—but over the *Crimes* themselves.—His outward Misery is little—It is but the dark Vision of a Day—even when his Life is prolonged to the utmost—But the Want of a peaceful Conscience—and a Soul loaded with Guilt unrepented of, will poison the Springs of Happiness for ever—and make a dismal and miserable Appearance, when the Secrets of all Hearts shall be opened—My Prayers to Heaven are put up for him Night and Day—That God may open his Eyes—and make the Adversity his Guilt has involved him in, the Means of his Reformation.—Mr. J——, our common and worthy Friend, will, no doubt, have communicated to you—the Orders I have given with respect to his Necessities—I have at present a most dismal Head-ach,—which, with the Anguish of my Heart—prevents

on my

my saying any more, than that I am, with all Sincerity and Truth,

*Your ever obliged, and most
affectionate humble Servant,*

A. Maclean.

The unfortunate Man saw his Folly when it was too late to be of use to him in this Life. But it is to be hoped his Sufferings here, atton'd for his Guilt. And if we can judge from Appearance, he lived more in one Day in *Newgate*, than he had in the Whole of his past Life. For there he made his Peace with God, saw the Vanity of his Engagements here, and secured his Title to eternal Felicity, thro' the Merits of our blessed Redeemer. The Account that Dr. *Allen*, and the *Ordinary* gives of his Behaviour, assures us, that he died as became a Man, and a Christian, and his own Letter, wrote the Morning of his Execution, speaks him in that State of Mind all charitable Christians can wish him.

*Mr. Maclean's Letter to his Friend, written the
Morning of his Execution.*

My Cell in Newgate, 1 o' Clock, Wednesday Morn.

LEST I should be refused the Liberty of bidding my dearest R. a last and melancholy Farewel, I have begged a Minute, which to me at this Time is worth more than Worlds, to do it in this Manner.

Oh, my dear, dear Friend! may you live long and happy! But consider, the Way to procure that Happiness is by earnestly pursuing a religious virtuous Life.—Your Youth may naturally prompt you too much to a Fondness for the Gaieties of Life: Oh! in that never let your Inclinations get the better of your Reason; for the indulging of those Appetites produces many bad Consequences; and I am so plain an Example of it, that I need say no more,

more, I hope, to convince you of it.—Oh! I wish you could, for one Minute, see the World with my Eyes at this Time, and you would not hazard a happy Eternity to be King of it. For God's Sake let me beg of you, if you should find your Desires for the Gaieties of Life, or any vicious Disposition grow troublesome, think of your unfortunate poor *Maclean*, whose Ruin proceeded from such Dispositions not restrained, that I fear you are not a Stranger to. I wish your Happiness more than I can well express, or would not take up my precious Minutes at this Time, to give you an Advice that I hope you will think of.

My dear, dear Mr. *H.* has got two Books, an Inkhorn, therein a Seal, which, with my last Blessing, I beg you will carry to my good old Landlady at *Chelsea*. And, my dear Friend, I beg you will get the little Bible I spoke to you about from Mr. *S.* and after you tear the Leaf out, present it to which of ——— Dr. *Allen's* Family you please, with my affectionate Blessing to them all.—My Sleeve-Buttons you are to give to poor *N. B.* with my last Blessing to her, ———, ——— and ———, &c. My Mother-in-law was here this Evening, who begs my Shoe-Buckles, to keep for my poor dear Child; which I think unnecessary; but, as she has no other Token from me, I would indulge her in it.—The Stock and Knee-Buckles I desire you will keep, and wear for my Sake; and I would have you convert all my Linen Stock you get from my Washerwoman into Cash, and would have you give my poor Mother-in-Law two or three Guineas, to buy some Coals for the Winter, and any little Necessary the poor Child may want.—Write to my poor afflicted Sister.—Direct to Mrs. *Anne-Jane Maclean*, at *Market-Hill*, in the County of *Armagh*, *Ireland*.

I will now commit my poor Body to your Care, which, I hope, you will see decently interred; and
take

take all necessary Precautions to prevent my being a Prey to the Surgeons.

To the Care and Providence of the Almighty I most heartily commit you; and that you may lead such a Life here as will entitle you to Heaven hereafter, is the sincere Wish and Prayer, of

Your loving, affectionate, dying Friend,

J. Maclean.

Oh! Farewel, till we meet in Heaven.

I cannot help telling you, before I finish, the present State of my Mind; and, as I think I am within eleven Hours of Eternity, will not tell a Lye.—My dear R. I never was so happy within myself since I was born, nor ever found my Mind in that Serenity in my Life that I now do; and have got so far above the Fears of Death, that I shall go to Execution without being daunted, but rather with Eagerness, as I begin so long to be with my dear and blessed Redeemer, who, I hope, will be ready to receive my precious Soul, when it departs from its mortal Habitation.—You will find Difficulty in reading this; but my Situation will apologize.

Once more, my Dearest, farewell! and remember me for ever.

He was carried to Tyburn in a Cart like the rest of the Criminals, and not in a Coach as was expected; he stood the Gaze of the Multitude (that was on this Occasion almost infinite) without the least Concern; his Thoughts were steadfast in his Devotion, and his Eyes for the most Part shut, and at the Place of Execution spoke very little, but when near turning off, said, O God forgive my Enemies; bless my Friends; and receive my Soul. His Body was taken Care of by his Friends, and carried off in a Hearse and decently buried.

Thus

Thus ended this famous Man, in whose Life we may observe, that he had but one predominant Foible, that is, an extraordinary Itch for a gay Appearance, and that to maintain this, he had from his Infancy proposed to himself no other Scheme but by seducing some Woman of Fortune to marry him. This Scheme was always uppermost, mingled itself with all his Views, and was the Source and Spring of all his Miseries, and the sole Cause of his untimely End. He was no Lover of Pleasure, but as it contributed to the grand Design. He was no Slave to the Women, that were not of Fortune; he had no strong Desire for Play, it was rather Avarice that prompted him than Itch of Play, at which he was as often successful as otherwise. He hated drinking to Excess, and at no Time drank but to humour Company or promote his Schemes; in short, he had a strong Passion for nothing but fine Cloaths and a rich Wife. This Notion of Honour could not be very delicate even from the Beginning, since he chose a Livery preferable to a Musket; nor can I have any great Opinion of his Courage, for a brave Man dares do any thing but be a Villain, and I believe fear of Danger in the Execution, and of a shameful Death on a Discovery, with the little Remains of Conscience arising from his early Education, might have saved him from the Highway, if he had not met with *Plunket* to hurry him on, in spite of both Conscience and Cowardice; for on these Occasions he was confessedly a mere Poltroon. Good God! how many *Plunkets* may we hug in our Bosoms! How many unhappy young Men are in the same Condition, and pursuing the same Schemes of Life with the once gay *Maclean*, and are perhaps under the Disguise of a feathered Beau, intimate with a Highwayman, a *Plunket*, ready to arm them for the Highway, and equip them for the Gallows, so soon as some high Disappointment has warm'd their Passion to his hellish Purposes!

